

(9)

THE
TEMPLE of VIRTUE,
A
MASONIC ODE.

[Price Three-pence.]

THE
TEMPLE OF VIRTUE

MASONIC O.D.T.

[Price Three Shillings]

9

T H E
TEMPLE OF VIRTUE,
W
A
M A S O N I C O D E ;

As performéd at the
THEATRE in SOUTHAMPTON,

O N

Monday the 15th of September, 1777.

F O R T H E
B E N E F I T of Mr. GAUDRY.

T H E W O R D S B Y

A GENTLEMAN of SOUTHAMPTON.

The M U S I C selectèd by Mr. GAUDRY.

T O W H I C H I S A D D E D

A P R O L O G U E and E P I L O G U E.

S O U T H A M P T O N :

Printed and sold by LINDEN and HODSON ; sold also by J.
HODSON, *Salisbury*; and Mr. PIRCE, at the *Theatre*.

THE
TEMPLE OF VIRTUE,



MASON DE;

As performed at the

THEATRE in SOUTHAMPTON,

ON

Monday the 15th of September, 1777.

FOR THE

BENEFIT of Mr. GAUDRY.

THE WORDS BY

A GENTLEMAN of SOUTHAMPTON.

The MUSIC selected by Mr. GAUDRY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

SOUTHAMPTON:
Printed and sold by LINDEN and HODSON, Gold and Silversmiths,
HODSON, Goldsmith; and Mr. PIRCE, at the Theatre.

TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL the MASTER,
THE
WORSHIPFUL the OFFICERS,

AND THE REST OF THE
BRETHREN
OF THE
LODGE of CONCORD

IN
SOUTHAMPTON,
THIS

O D E

IS, WITH ALL
SUBMISSION,
INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR
AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,
THE AUTHOR.

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PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Mr. GAUDRY, *in the Character of a*
FREE MASON.

AS lately, brethren, from the *Lodge* I came,
Warm'd with our royal order's purest flame;
Absorb'd in thought,—before my ravish'd eyes,
I saw the Genius MASONRY arise.
A shining *square* upon his breast he wore,
And in his hand the sacred volume bore;
On one side was divine ASTRÆA plac'd,
And soft-ey'd CHARITY the other grac'd;
HUMANITY, the gen'ral friend, was there,
And PITY, dropping the pathetic tear;
There too was ORDER;---there with rosy mein
Blithe TEMP'rance shone, and white-rob'd TRUTH
was seen;

There, with a key suspended at his breast,
SILENCE appear'd,---his lips his fingers press'd;
With these, soft warbling an instructive song,
Sweet MUSIC, gently smiling, tripp'd along.
Wild Laughter, clam'rous Noise, and Mirth ill-bred,
(The brood of Folly) at his presence fled.

The GENIUS spoke,---“ My son, observe my train,
“ Which of my order diff'rent parts explain.
“ Look up, behold the bright ASTRÆA there:
“ She will direct thee how to use the square!
“ PITY will bid thee grieve with those who grieve,
“ Whilst CHARITY will prompt thee to relieve;
“ Will prompt thee ev'ry comfort to bestow,
“ And draw the arrow from the breast of woe;
“ HUMANITY will lead to Honour's goal,
“ Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous soul;
“ Will bid thee thy fraternal love expand
“ To virtue of all faith,---and ev'ry land.
“ ORDER will kindly teach her laws of peace,
“ Which discord stop, and social joys increase;

" TEMPERANCE instruct thee all excess t'void,
 " By which fair fame is lost, and health destroy'd;
 " TRUTH warn thee ne'er to use perfidious art,
 " And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart;
 " SILENCE direct thee never to disclose
 " Whate'er thy Brethren in thy breast repose;
 " For thee shall MUSIC strike th' harmonious lyre,
 " And whilst she charms thy ear, morality inspire.
 " These *all* observe,---and let thy conduct shew
 " What real blessings I on man bestow."

This said, he disappear'd :---And Oh! may we
 Who wear this Honour'd Badge, Accepted, Free,
 To every Grace and Virtue temples raise,
 And by our useful works our order praise.
 Be not offended, *lovely, beauteous Fair*,
 That you from *Mason's Rites* excluded are;
 'Tis not because we think you would disclose,
 Whate'er within your breasts we might repose;
 But we're afraid (and sure our fears are true)
 Were you admitted, *Love* might enter too;
 That jealousy might then our hearts inflame,
 And to a *Rival's* turn a *Brother's* name;
 Be not offended! we your sex adore,
 And pay due homage to your sov'reign pow'r;
 We know your worth, your excellence we prize,
 We own your charms---the magic of your eyes:
 The wretch who loves not you---upon *our* plan,
 Forfeits the name of *Mason* and of *Man*.



T H E

TEMPLE of VIRTUE.



OFFSPRING of Truth, celestial maid !
(To whose all-piercing eye
The secret springs discover'd lie
Of Nature and of art)
Leave, oh ! leave thy lofty throne,
Bright GENIUS of FREE MASONRY !
And deign thy heav'nly aid
To us thy suppliant vot'ries to impart,
While we to distant realms thy truth make known.

A I R.

In rude Creation's infant day,
Thy power chas'd the clouds away
Which veil'd the world from sight ;
Each grosser part, by thee refin'd,
Conspir'd to fill th' enraptur'd mind
With wonder and delight.

And thou, sweet CHARITY, from heav'n descend
With Virtue, Love, and Friendship in thy train;
Our sacred rites vouchsafe t'attend,
And blefs the votive strain.

A I R.

RONDEAU.

See ! she comes with meekness crown'd,
Blessings to diffuse around ;

Her's the pow'r, the will to blefs,
Gently soothing sad distress.

See she comes, &c.

Hail, sweet maid, whose bosom knows
Pity for another's woes.

See she comes, &c.

When man first rose from his Creator's hand,
O'er earth and sea t' assume the vast command,
With silent awe he view'd the great design,
Where Wisdom, Strength, and Elegance combine;
Thy works, Great Architect ! his soul engross'd,
And ev'ry sense was in amazement lost.

A I R.

RONDEAU.

Happy hours, profuse of pleasures,
When 'midst innocence and joy
Earth bestow'd its choicest treasures,
Ev'ry wish to gratify.

When underneath the woodbine shades,
 Where the fragrant breezes play,
 Soft Love and Friendship, beauteous maids!
 Frequent pass'd the sportive day.
Happy hours, &c.

By Reason sway'd, the placid breast
 Knew not sorrow, pain, nor care;
 But Peace was found a constant guest,
 And Virtue fix'd her dwelling there.
Happy hours, &c.

But ah! too soon the bliss was fled,
 When man from his obedience fell,
 And caus'd a scene of universal woe;
 Succeeding times taught passion to rebel,
 Bade horrid war to rear his head,
 And hostile blood to flow.

A I R.

Ah! what suff'rings and distresses
 Then throughout the world were known!
 Love forgot her fond caresses,
 Peace was banish'd from her throne;
 Wide extended thro' creation
 Blood and rapine forc'd their way;
 Each endearing inclination
 Fell to vice an easy prey.

Yet Time hath still'd the sinful rage,
 Allay'd its thirst, and turn'd its edge;
 For David's son,
 Great SOLOMON,
 The mighty work began,
 And taught the mutual debt of man to man;
 He gather'd those of distant climes,
 Each sordid passion lull'd to rest,
 And fix'd a secret virtue in each breast,
 The source of happiness in future times.

D U E T.

The gay, the blissful season
 Of virtue and of reason,
 Returns to earth again:

No more shall pride, subduing
 Each passion, lead to ruin,
 Nor vice presume to reign.

Love still inviting
 Friendship uniting,
 Shall secure a lasting sway;
 No tumult rude
 Shall dare intrude,
 But pleasure fills the live-long day.

But see from yonder golden car alights
 The guardian GENIUS of Masonic Rites!

Forth from the mansion of yon azure sky
(Celestial seat of never-ending joy)
He brings the fiat of Almighty will.

“ The wond’rous fabric of Masonic skill,
“ Which in remoter ages had been rear’d,
“ Favour’d by Heav’n, and thro’ the earth rever’d,
“ Shall long maintain its dignity sublime,
“ Nor fear the pow’r of all-devouring time.

A I R.

“ Deeds of elegance and taste,
“ Tho’ renown’d awhile they stand,
“ All must feel the general waste
“ Caus’d by Time’s destructive hand.
“ Yet secure from every foe,
“ Long shall MASONs hold their pow’r,
“ Fearless of an overthrow,
“ Till creation is no more.”

Thrice and thrice welcome,---Messenger of bliss!
Thy words diffuse throughout my soul
Unusual happiness,
And ev’ry fear controul.

Long may this Badge an emblem true be found
Of Virtue, Friendship, Charity and Love,
(Those greatest blessings from above)
The favour’d produce of Masonic ground.

[*Here the Brethren all rise.*]

(14)

A N T H E M.

To Heav'n's High Architect all praise,
All praise, all gratitude be giv'n,
Who deign'd the human soul to raise,
By mystic Secrets sprung from Heav'n.

CHORUS, accompanied by all the BRETHREN.
Sound aloud the great JEHOVAH's praise,
To him the dome, the temple raise.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. GAUDRY, in the Character of a
FREE MASON'S WIFE.

EXCUSE me, Sir---I'll not be held---go to,
I fancy I can speak as well as you;
I'm not prepar'd, you say---perhaps you're wrong,
Alas! you little know of Woman's tongue.
Prologue, and Ode, and all! 'tis rather hard,
I should not in the deal put in my card.
Encroach on *Mason Ground*! no Lodge is here;
I'll speak the Epilogue that's flat and fair.
Brethren, (for by your smiles I well can see,
You bear our Sex no great antipathy.)
Forgive this little bustle and intrusion,
From whence did order spring, but from Confusion?
And sure you'll deem a Lady not absurd,
To claim a right in having the last word.
Besides to be more plain, and tell you true,
We have our Mysteries as well as you.
In short, (tho' I'm not apt to be laconic)
Our aprons, though not sheep-skins, are masonic.
Behold this Tow'r * suspended in the air,
What Master Mason with his line and square
E'er form'd a juster plan? 'tis built t' a hair. }
This demi-bastion! § is it not compleat?
See you and hear the beautiful and great?
Am I not qualified to give a lecture,
Who boast such noble piles of architecture?
You fix your scale or spread your compass wide,
Eccentric fashion is the nobler guide.
Your figures! pshaw! e'en Euclid's self perhaps
I would poze to draw the figure of our caps.

* Pointing to her head-dress.

§ Turning half-round and pointing to the under hair.

And as for squares and hexagons, ye wise,
 We beat ye quite; for instance---Christmas-pies.
 Talk you of instruments? our simple feet
 Shall dance and form a labyrinth of Crete:
 In circles most exact *you* deal; mere rote!
 What circle's equal to our petticoat?
 You sage Philosphers may laugh or stare;
 But if we please, we'll make the circle square.
 Thus Brethren stands our claim to *Masonry*,
 Let a *free* Sister then accepted be.
 Know then, that all true adepts have their sign,
 Discover your's—I'll frankly tell you mine.
 But henceforth if you still deny our merit,
 We'll shew you, if no soul---we have a spirit.
 'Tis plain by all a plot against your wives;
 But we shall lead your Worship's blessed lives.
 Ye who abroad with aprons gaily roam,
 May, sadly, find the breeches worn at home.
Masters of Lodges, not so of their houses,
 May read their treas'nous lectures 'gainst their spouses;
 Yet say ye gallant sons of *Architecture*,
 Cou'd we not match you with a curtain lecture?
 But serious now, all raillery apart;
 I honour and esteem you from my heart;
 Know in yourselves, you scorn the dead-born jest;
 Your's is the feeling mind, the virtuous breast;
 Your souls attend to pity's voice sincere;
 Friendship and mild affection harbour there.
 On you the fair with safety may rely;
 Masons exist but by fidelity.
 Accept this Eulogy upon your art,
 The humble tribute of a grateful heart;
 I to its worth, its benefit agree,
 The time is not far off---think then on ME.